THE ARRIVAL

At 2.35 o'clock the Dean and Chapter with the Bishop of London and the Archbishop of Canterbury shall leave the Dean's aisle and proceed to the West door of the Cathedral.

At 2.40 o'clock the Aldermen and High Officers of the City of London shall arrive at the South door and be escorted to their seats in Quire.

At 2.40 o'clock the American Ambassador and his family shall arrive at the West door of the Cathedral. They shall be received by the Dean and Chapter, the Bishop of London and the Archbishop of Canterbury, and then conducted to their seats under the Dome.

At 2.45 o'clock the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs shall arrive at the West door and be received. The Sheriffs shall then be conducted to their seats in Quire.

At 2.45 o'clock the Representatives of the Free Churches, the Roman Catholic Church and the Foreign Churches shall leave the Minor Canons' aisle and move to their seats in Quire.

At 2.50 o'clock their Royal Highnesses Princess Marina of Kent and Princess Alice of Athlone shall arrive at the Cathedral and be received.

At 2.50 o'clock their Royal Highnesses the Princess Royal and the Duchess of Gloucester shall arrive at the Cathedral and be received.

At 2.50 o'clock the Cathedral procession shall leave the Dean's aisle and move into Quire.

At 2.52 o'clock Her Royal Highness the Princess Margaret with the Earl of Snowdon shall arrive at the Cathedral and be received.

At 2.55 o'clock His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh, representing Her Majesty The Queen, shall arrive at the Cathedral. His Royal Highness shall be greeted at the foot of the steps by the Lord Mayor and at the West door by the Dean and Chapter, the Bishop of London and the Archbishop of Canterbury.

Then the Dean and Chapter with the Bishop of London and the Archbishop of Canterbury shall conduct the Duke of Edinburgh and the other members of the Royal Family to their seats under the Dome.

ORDER OF SERVICE

When all are assembled, the Choir shall sing

THE SENTENCE

I AM the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die.

St. John xi. 25, 26
Set by WILLIAM CROFT

Then, all still standing, the Dean shall read

THE BIDDING

BELOVED in Christ: We are met together in this historic church to commemorate a great man, to thank God for all that he was and was able to do in the struggle for peace between nations and races, to commend his soul to God, and to pray for those who are bereaved by his sudden and cruel death.

Here we are surrounded by memorials of co-operation between our people and the people of the United States of America. Here is kept the Roll of Honour of the names of all members of United States forces based on Britain who fell in the last war.

Once again Britain mourns with America and shares her sorrow, once again Britain honours with America sacrifice for the future of mankind.

We will pray that the spirit of unity between our nations may continually grow, and that we may always be united in loyalty to the great cause of freedom and peace.

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NARA, DATE 6/9/81

December 2, 1963 - Monday

E and I left at 8:00 o'clock this morning for Hatfield, where I was to shoot. The party consisted of Bobbety Salisbury, Robert Cranborne, Laura Brand and her husband, Micky, Eric Dudley, Peter Stirling with his Persian wife, Sir Harold Wernher, and W. W. H. Hill-Wood (a partner of Morgan Grenfell, and a life-long friend of Alec Home).

It was a splendid day, without a single drop of rain. It seemed amazing to be shooting pheasants within 20 miles of London. There was an abundance of birds, and we had a marvelous time. The bag was in excess of 300 pheasants, 6 mallard ducks and a brace of woodcock, with a single forlorn rabbit. Betty entertained us with an excellent lunch, and I was home well before dark.

December 3, 1963 - Tuesday

I continued work on the interminable pile of letters at the office. Kim Roosevelt stopped in to see me this morning. He has just come from Tehran. The international oil companies are having a bit of a rough time in the Middle East. Kim is especially concerned over American policy in Yemen, where he thinks we have made a calamitous mistake.

The conductor of the Los Angeles Chamber Orchestra, Mr. Lewis, a negro, with his white wife, a soprano who sings under her maiden name of Marilyn Horne, called on me. I found them engaging, intelligent, and full of sound ideas about cultural affairs in the United States.

E and I lunched at Tiberio, which is to my mind the best Italian restaurant in London. This afternoon, I presented a certificate of fellowship in the American College of Cardiology to Dr. Davies, of Guy's Hospital. He, his wife, Dr. Osborne, the US Public Health doctor, and myself were photographed together.

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Afterwards, I attended an award ceremony in the Embassy auditorium, where I gave out certificates of long services and prizes to some of our local employees, and embellished the occasion, I hope, with a short speech.

December 4, 1963 - Wednesday

Mr. Mylius, from Sussex, came in with a narwhal tusk this morning, which I bought. It had been in his family about 100 years. It is rather scarred up, and almost 1-1/2 feet shorter than the other, but I thought it a worth-while specimen.

Cy and Marina Sulzberger, Aline [redacted] Berlin, and Nancy Lancaster lunched with us. Isaiah Berlin has gone to America, and Aline [redacted] is shortly to follow him. They are travelling for a month there as guests of a Foundation. Marina enchanted me with her picturesque accounts of Angkor Wat and some extraordinary discovery of Roman objects made in the Crimea. Her grandfather was a distinguished archeologist.

The George Brown case is still arousing much comment. It looks as if it will cost him any possibility of occupying a high position if the Labour Government comes into power. Cy Sulzberger had a long talk with Wilson yesterday, but the subject of Brown was not mentioned.

Cy came back with me for a conversation in the office. He thinks we will continue in a condition of stalemate for a considerable period with General de Gaulle. He said that Couve de Murville was usually ill informed on what the General was meditating or had decided.

Eldon Griffiths came to see me this evening.

Tonight, Ann and Ian Fleming dined with us.

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Eldon is closely associated with the Prime Minister and the Conservative Party managers. He thinks the important thing from the Party standpoint is to project the image of Home publicly in such a way as to arouse the enthusiasm of the masses. This will require an almost superhuman effort by Home, since he will have to make at least twelve major speeches a month until the date of election.

We had great fun with the Flemings. Ian and I threatened the wives with our going into the antique business together. He has a remarkable collection of oddities, and pooled with my warehouse assortment we contemplated the possibility of opening a shop where sales would be for cash only, and the customer would have to take physical delivery on the spot. I think a success could be made of such an enterprise. Ian's health is visibly fragile. He is bringing out another book next year. We decided to call our shop Robin Hood.

December 5, 1963 - Thursday

A light day at the office. I lunched at Bucks, where I became deeply involved with my neighbors in the subject of the habits of salmon and eels.

The matter of Bob Smith's retirement has absorbed a good deal of attention. He has been employed by the American Government as a chauffeur for over 22 years, most of which time he has been the Ambassador's chauffeur. At the age of 66, he gets full pension, and we have secured for him an apartment belonging to the Peabody Foundation. E and I have given him the Valiant car, which has much gratified him. He is an excellent man.

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We seem to have come, at least temporarily, to an end of acknowledging letters of sympathy. The summary of correspondence received on the death of President Kennedy was as of today:

DEPARTMENT OF STATE A/CDC/MR
to Johnson DATE 6-9-81

Signatures
16,892 in 19 ledger books

Letters and telegrams (General)
3,680 - answered by printed card
550 - in process of being answered by printed card
540 - communications to which no reply is possible
60 - cranks
4,830 - total

Letters and telegrams handled by Ambassador's office
148 - typed, for signature
(includes 15 from schools with lists containing 2,671 signatures of students and faculty)

72 - handwritten replies by the Ambassador

51 - letters with money for assorted charities
(total amount £ 134/9/6 plus US $4.00)

We had accepted an invitation from the Lambtons to go to them at their place near Durham this afternoon, to shoot on Friday and Saturday. Since this is to be a large house party, we cancelled the engagement.

December 6, 1963 - Friday

E and I went down this morning to Easton Neston, arriving in time for lunch. I went out this afternoon with the keeper, to walk hedge rows in the hope of flushing pheasants. It turned out even better than I had expected, for with his spaniel he swept through stubble fields and gave me occasional sporting shots. I had a good promenade and killed six or seven pheasants. Kisty went off to make a speech somewhere this evening, so E and I dined together on a woodcock each. This bird seems to be more prized in England than any other game. It has a distinctive taste, but I still prefer partridge.

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John Julius Norwich had asked me to present the annual Duff Cooper literary prize to Miss Aileen Ward next week, for her biography of John Keats. Tonight I read all the book reviews which have recently appeared on this work, and had intended to read the volume but seemed to have lost it on the train. It has met with a flattering reception in Great Britain. Fortunately, when I talked to John Julius on the telephone this evening, he told me he had left me under a misapprehension as to what I was expected to do. Raymond Mortimer, one of the members of the awards jury, is to deliver the criticism, while I shall only need to present the prize.

December 7, 1963 - Saturday

Brilliant cold day. We idled around this morning, reading, writing, and walking, also answering some letters of condolence. After lunch, Kisty, the keeper and myself, went out in the land rover for a repetition of yesterday's exercise. Today the sport was even better. After sunset we lay in wait in a woods for pigeons, but as almost always seems to be the case in my adventures with these wily birds, they had chosen another place for roosting.

December 8, 1963 - Sunday

Motored back this morning. Jim Clark came for lunch. Tonight, Diana Cooper, Stash Radziwill, and the Sulzbergers dined with us. None of the members of the Embassy since the President's death have attended lunches or dinners for more than six people. Actually this is an ideal number for conversation, and our friends remained until midnight. Before that, Jack McCloy, who is staying with us, came in from the airport with Al Wells. He is on a Commission of six, established by President Johnson, to examine into the

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STATE A/CDC/MR

whole affair of President Kennedy's assassination. He says it will be a difficult task, since the case against Ruby will not come to trial until next February. The thing that puzzles McCloy the most is that the first shot at Kennedy hit him in the throat, and could only have been fired from a frontal position, since the photographs show that the President was sitting facing directly forward. This makes the manner of the killing for the moment inexplicable. Jack stated that the doctors believe the first shot alone would have been fatal. The President's brain was completely shattered by the third shot, Governor Connolly having been struck meanwhile.

I stayed awake far too late, reading a brilliant article in the October 5, 1963, New Yorker, by Joseph Wechsberg, on the famous restaurant "Chez Point" in Vienne, France. One of his quotations is from an author whom I highly favor, Brillat Savarin, who said "gastronomy is the intelligent knowledge of whatever concerns man's nourishment."

When Talleyrand was about to leave for the Congress of Vienna, he told Louis XVIII "Sire, I have more need of casseroles than of written instructions." During that conference, Talleyrand ascribed much of his success to the food prepared by his celebrated chef, Carême. In a country which has over 400 cheeses, one can imagine the excitement over almost any great restaurant. Point had asked me to stay with him at the Pyramide; unfortunately, I never was able to go there until after his death.

Out of forty or fifty thousand restaurants in France, the Guide Michelin's three-star rating was given last year to only twelve, of which the Pyramide is considered the best. The most celebrated chefs have for some reason always been men. Point had a particularly famous dish before the war which necessitated three woodcock: a portion--one to eat, and two to make the sauce.

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December 9, 1963 - Monday

Jack McCloy rode down with me this morning to the office. Bill Rivkin, our Ambassador in Luxembourg, called on me. He said that the reaction in Luxembourg to President Kennedy's death was profound. The Embassy there received several thousand messages of sympathy.

I lunched with Cecil King at the Daily Mirror office. His visit to America did not change his unfavorable opinion about American policy in British Guiana. He believes there is no way to keep the Africans and the Indians from tearing at each other's throats except through some form of coalition government. He thinks that when Beaverbrook dies the Daily Express will after a short time begin to decline in popularity because of the change in style which would result from the Beaver's no longer supervising its publication and dictating its policy. I enjoyed, as I always do, my hour and a half with him. He is going out to Nigeria tomorrow.

Gene Halaby, head of FAA, came to see me this afternoon. He leaves for Moscow tomorrow morning, where he expects to make some progress on a civil aviation agreement with the Soviet government, under the terms of which Pan American will obtain landing rights in Moscow, and the Soviets can make runs to Idlewild.

The new Ambassador of the Philippines, Marcial P. Lichauco, paid a call. He is not a career diplomat, but a company lawyer who is said to have made a lot of money out of his profession. He has done a great deal of big game hunting, especially in Africa. He was the first Philipino student ever to enroll in Harvard, where he was given AB and LLB degrees. He said that the President of the Philippines asked him to go either to Washington or to London. He selected

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London, but it did not seem to me that his explanation to the British Foreign Minister of why he did so was particularly happy. He told Butler that he had seven children who would be living at the Embassy with him and his wife. After comparing the accommodations available to him ~~in Washington and those in~~ London, he decided on the latter capital because there were more bedrooms for the children in the residence here, and the cost of living was less. He is much given to golf and tennis.

Brigadier Glynn Hughes, recommended to me by Mr. Muller, the Ambassador from South Africa, came to see me this afternoon. I am sorry that Muller is leaving to become Foreign Minister in his own country--he is a particularly nice fellow. Hughes is secretary of the College of General Practitioners, which has just bought the former American Embassy residence at 14 Princes Gate. He said that his organization wished to place a plaque on the house, as a memorial to President Kennedy. I think this is an excellent idea, and am to check for him the years in which the President stayed at Princes Gate while his father was Ambassador.

Because of the prohibition on attending official parties, none of the members of the Embassy went to the Pilgrims dinner tonight in honor of Jack McCloy. I wrote the following letter to Christopher Chancellor to explain this.

I read McCloy's speech today, which I think will arouse widespread interest when it is given newspaper circulation. It is justifiably critical of the comparative lack of effort in military contributions by some members of the Atlantic Alliance.

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December 9, 1963

(My dear Christopher)

I deeply regret that, because of official mourning, there will be no United States Embassy representation at the Pilgrims' dinner tonight.

Personally, I am all the more disappointed since your guest of honor is Jack McCloy.

The versatility of his interests and accomplishments is, as you know, rather extraordinary. He is trusted and admired by all those who know him. He has been a friend and adviser of a succession of our Presidents.

I do not think I am biased by friendship in saying that he is one of the most respected and useful citizens in the United States, and can speak with unusual competence about its affairs and policies.

Very sincerely yours,

David Bruce

Sir Christopher Chancellor, C. M. G.

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Tommy Frost came to see me at the office, to tell me about his recent stay in Canada. After talking about petroleum, we took up the pleasanter topic of race horses. It was too late for me to go home, so E and I went directly to the O'Shaughnessys for a delicious supper, before a performance of the movie Tom Jones. I have seldom been better pleased at a spectacle. It is full of 18th Century flavor, rambunctious and robust. It moves with a speed uncommon in British films. It was exhilarating entertainment.

December 10, 1963 - Tuesday

Jack McCloy left at nine this morning. There were many laudatory newspaper reports of his speech. He is going home in a hurry, for his advice is being sought about the peculations of the man who tried to corner the soybean oil market and has somehow dissipated something in the nature of 150 million dollars of other people's money. Jack thinks that had it not been for the President's death occurring when this affair first became known, the disclosure might have precipitated at least a minor panic. The American Express Company is especially heavily involved through a wholly owned subsidiary.

The Ambassador of Iraq, Mr. Abdul Rahman Al-Bazzaz, called on me. He is fifty years old, fluent in English, being a graduate of Queens College, London, a lawyer by training, who became a Judge of the Court of Appeals of Iraq, but during various revolutions was imprisoned, exiled, and skipped about from country to country. He is strongly pro-Nasser, as well as one of the leading philosophers of Arab Nationalism.

He was wroth about the discussions held yesterday in the Foreign Office with several of the Arab Ambassadors, over the resignation of Lord Mancroft from the Board of an insurance company because the company was losing business as

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a result of a boycott by the Arabs against any business or individual closely associated with Israeli affairs. The Ambassador said he was not anti-Mancroft on the ground that he was a Jew, nor was his country anti-Semite. He claimed the Arabs are the original Semites, and even today the Muslim faith is the most tolerant of all creeds about other religions, including Judaism. He thought sentiment in the Arab world against Israel largely derived from the treatment accorded by the Tel Aviv government to Arab refugees, and their original dispossession of land and property in Israel. Secondly, and almost equally important in his mind is the refusal of the Israeli government to obey the dictates of the United Nations. This he ascribes in the case of the United States to the large number of our Jewish voters, and the non-existence of any Arab vote in America. He observed that he had used strong language in his conversation at the Foreign Office yesterday, and that nothing would induce him or his government to change their attitude. He extolled the virtues of Nasser but in a guarded way rather disclaimed the wisdom of Egyptian intervention in other Arab countries. I found him a stimulating but bitter converstionalist.

Since Nicky had a holiday today, E and I gave him lunch at Tiberio, where he absorbed large quantities of spaghetti. I had a frugal meal of a soup of small octopi, followed by tripe prepared in the Roman fashion, with a fragrant Frascati wine.

Findley Burns brought in two of his recently assigned FSO's to meet me. Later the Ambassador of Burundi, M. Chas. Baranyanka, called on me. He is a man in his late 20's, educated in Belgium, married to a Belgian woman, and he has two sisters in Holy Orders. His father was the head of a dynastic family which rivaled the present Head of the Government. Two brothers were executed in 1961; his father was also killed, while Baranyanka was in Belgium. Since then, he has loyally supported the present Head of the Government. He has

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had tuberculosis and is afraid of colds. He does not drink or smoke. Fluent in French, he speaks no English. His headquarters is in Brussels, so he will not be here often. He had a refreshing attitude about spending his Government's money. He said he did not intend to have offices here, since his main place of business would be in Brussels, and his Government could not afford to have any permanent representation in England. I also noticed that he left, as he had arrived, by taxicab. This is the first time I have seen an Ambassador from a developed or under-developed country without a private car and chauffeur.

I had a talk with Page Smith about the deployment of an American fleet in the Indian Ocean. The story leaked in Washington this morning, so in spite of our repeated requests from here to be allowed to take it up with the British Government, they will have heard of the enterprise before being officially, so far as I know, advised of it.

Jacqueline and Jean Lambert came out to see us at the house tonight. They were married on November 23 in Greenwich, Connecticut, but almost cancelled the ceremony at the last moment since, because of the President's death, none of their American friends could attend.

Jean told me something about his Great Northern Capital Company, of which I am a small stockholder. His office here will open in January.

December 11, 1963 - Wednesday

The High Commissioner of Tanganyika, Mr. S. J. Nitro, called on me this morning. He was a student in London for about two years, and was Acting High Commissioner in 1962 before becoming High Commissioner a few months ago. He is a painter, and says that this is his first love, with agriculture the second. I was greatly impressed by him. He is one of the most fluent, articulate,

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agreeable African officials I have met.

I lunched with Rowlie Cromer at the Bank of England. He told me about his recent visit to the United States. He thinks the collaboration between his bank and the US Treasury and Federal Reserve Board is working well. He does not anticipate any run on the pound or the dollar in the foreseeable future. We sat at the round table in the bank's dining room, and I met a large number of officers, as well as two representatives of the Treasury who were guests, including Sir William Armstrong, who occupies a position of great power.

Cromer said that none of the British interests involved in the soybean oil fiasco would be damaged beyond remedy by it. This is not true of some of the institutions in the United States. The control over the operations of American Stock Exchanges does not have any parallel in commodity dealings. I imagine this crash will bring in its train severe legislation on such transactions.

I read in the paper today of an extraordinary case of a woman who had been shot in the back by a pheasant which was thought to be dead. The husband had hit the bird, and hung it over his gun. It turned out the pheasant was not quite dead, and in its death throes caught its feet in the trigger so the gun went off and the wife, who was walking ahead, was hit in the back. The husband, a Colonel, observed "I've always regarded myself as one of the safest shots in the country, then something like this has to happen. I've found that one of the triggers is a bit light. I shall have it adjusted."

On the way back from the bank I stopped to see Harold Caccia at the Foreign Office. I had several matters to take up with him, including the deployment of American Forces in the Indian Ocean, but more importantly British Guiana. I discussed with him this memorandum:

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I received another narwhal tusk today, this one from a man in Manchester. I [redacted] paid $100 for it, and it is the longest of my three, although about six inches of the tip have been broken off.

I have also just received the fine set of six George II chairs that I bought from Waddingham on Mount Street, as well as a large refectory table which is now placed athwart my bathroom, to the mystification of our domestics.

At 5:30 E and I went to 29 Hyde Park Gate, where I made a short commentary on the BBC and later presented the Duff Cooper Memorial Prize to Miss Aileen Ward for her excellent biography of John Keats. The place was thronged with people who had accepted the invitation of Diana Cooper and the Trustees of the Duff Cooper Memorial Fund to be present. Raymond Mortimer discoursed on the reasons why the award had been made to the recipient. I launched forth along these lines, and threw in as a bonne bouche the story of the presentation of an axe to a fireman. We had a jolly champagne time. The lively company seemed half divided between society people and intellectuals.

We went on for supper with the von Hofmannsthals, where we had cold lobster, sandwiches, and a marmalade souffle before the four of us proceeded to Leicester Square to see the revival of Greta Garbo's Queen Christina. This year I have been lucky enough to see her in three movies, and remain convinced she is the greatest picture actress of all time. It is a pity that in this particular one the script writer and producer have so largely departed from true history. John Gilbert, who played the leading man's part, was thirty years ago the most popular male movie actor in America. Last night he seemed hopelessly out-dated, almost ridiculous, whereas Garbo was immortally attractive. I went to bed at midnight.

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Presentation by Ambassador Bruce of
Duff Cooper Memorial Prize - Dec. 10, 1963

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PLEASE DENIED

It is a particular pleasure to have the honor of presenting this prize to a compatriot who enjoys the distinction of being the first woman and the first American to whom it has been awarded.

It is a striking coincidence that (as has been mentioned?) the last of Duff Cooper's ~~writings~~ literary work was a lecture on John Keats, ~~which he~~ delivered before the Royal Society of Literature.

This is the first time I have been able to attend one of these annual events which are of such significance in the cultural world.

I like to think that it would have been especially pleasing to Duff that ~~this~~ the present occasion has something of a transAtlantic flavor. He was a citizen of the world; the catholicity of his interests embraced all civilized forms, and ~~he disregarded~~ transcended national boundaries.

This constant memorial to him is the most appropriate to his personality that could have been conceived. Its institution and maintenance is an extraordinary tribute to one who commanded the respect and deep affection of a multitude of friends and admirers in many countries.

Miss Ward, I am happy to give, on behalf of the Trustees of the Duff Cooper Memorial Fund, the prize accorded to you by the distinguished judges.

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December 13, 1963 - Friday

Captain Boyd-Rochfort stopped in to see me at the office this morning, to thank me for helping his step-sons obtain visas for the United States. He is a picturesque character, eminent for almost a half century in the racehorse world of Great Britain. He has many friends in America, whom he has been in the habit of visiting at least once a year. One could hardly believe he is over eighty. His physical appearance is a good advertisement for life at Newmarket.

I said good-bye to Col. Robbins of the Army Attache's office, who is being reassigned.

E and I had lunch with Steven Runciman, before I took the 2:25 train from Victoria for Wilton Park.

Steven, when not travelling abroad, spends a good deal of time on his island off the West Coast of Scotland. There he has tropical flowers and palm trees, because of the proximity of the Gulf Stream. He does his own cooking, and looks after himself entirely. There are many species of rare birds, such as eagles, [redacted] seldom found elsewhere. I should like to go there, but am somewhat daunted by the prospect of the 8-mile trip in rough water on a small boat.

In view of Runciman's great literary reputation, especially in the Byzantine field, he was amused after a lively conversation with Carmen Esnault-Peiterie, next to whom he had sat at dinner, who finally said "You really ought to write a book on the Crusades."

I had a good reading journey to Shoreham-by-the-Sea, where I was met by a car from Wilton Park. This place is under the supervision of and is financed by the British Foreign Office, though it receives grants of assistance from the Ford Foundation and elsewhere. On this occasion there was an unusually large

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proportion of American participants--nine in all. The remainder were French, Dutch, Austrian, German, Italian and British, including Mr. Goldstein from our Department of State. The others were academics, Foreign Service Officers, journalists, businessmen and public officials. This particular affair had been in progress for two weeks, and this afternoon's session was the concluding one. The Warden, . H. Koeppler, made a brilliant summary before throwing the meeting open for general discussion. I was the unfortunate fellow who was called on to speak at considerable length, especially on the topics of (1) the so-called special relationship between the US and the UK, and (2) a European Community vs. an Atlantic partnership. I found it all most stimulating. After a convivial dinner, I returned by train from Brighton, reaching home before midnight.

Wilton Park is a large Jacobean house, the original home, according to Koeppler, of the Bruce family (then spelled Brouse) in the United Kingdom. Some of them moved northward from there into Scotland.

I have never attended a seminar where the discussion was more elevated or percipient.

December 14, 1963 - Saturday

I left the house shortly after eight o'clock this morning, to go to Eric Dudley's place in Buckinghamshire to shoot. It snowed off and on all day, but otherwise the weather was clear and cold. The guns were Dudley, his cousin, Lord Clarendon, another cousin whose name I did not seize, Lord Arran (the columnist), Michael Canfield, Eric's Bailiff, and myself.

If any one shot well, it was not I. It had been expected we would kill about 200 pheasants; we had every opportunity to do so, but wound up with about 170, as well as a few hares. It is amazing that, as in the case of Hatfield, one can shoot like this [illegible] 25 miles from London.

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I had gone down by tube from Baker Street, on a train that later emerges on the surface, and was deposited within six or seven miles of the house. We joined Grace Dudley and Laura Canfield for lunch, before setting forth for the two afternoon drives. By 3:45 it is usually too late to shoot, since the pheasants go to roost about that time; in addition, at this time of the year it is nearly dark by then. I had a fine day, and motored back to London in 45 minutes.

Mollie Buccleuch came to dinner with us, and we stayed up late talking. She has immense charm, and for some years has led a desperately unhappy life. She is far from looking her age of 63.

December 15, 1963 - Sunday

Except for two spells of walking, I did not venture out today, since I had so many things to catch up with in preparation for going to the United States this month.

The heron who began to frequent our grounds a year ago reappeared last month to take up his station each evening in a tree near the pond. Evangeline has tried to tempt him with offers of Portuguese sardines; they do not seem to be to his taste, and it is supposed he prefers live fish from the various lakes in Regents Park. It is extraordinary that he seems unconscious of the dogs, who chase back and forth near him. It is even more puzzling that they pay no attention to him.

December 16, 1963 - Monday

David Nes came to see me this morning. He has just returned from Washington to pack up his family and belongings here before reporting as DCM in Saigon. In respect to his career, this is a flattering assignment, with great potential for his future. I fear, however, that he will find much of the work discouraging. Rumor has it that Ambassador Lodge and General Harkins

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are not on speaking terms--how a State Department officer will coordinate the military and political effort remains to be seen. Also, in spite of the optimism breathed by many American officers there, I doubt the ability within a reasonable time of inspiring the Vietnamese under United States tutelage to the efficiency and drill of warfare which is demanded in order to meet the infiltration of the Viet Cong.

Sir William Haley, of the London Times, invited me to lunch at the Ritz Grill. He had seen President Kennedy in Washington a week or so before his death. He had also lunched with Felix Frankfurter and Dean Acheson. He says that Felix has completely recovered the use of his speech, and was in full possession of his incomparable mental faculties.

Haley is uncertain whether to credit gossip he had picked up in America to the effect that the Administration believes the leaders of the Labour Party to be anti-American. I feel as he does that there is probably no more anti-Americanism in the Labour Party than in any other political grouping in the United Kingdom. Actually, there is less anti-Americanism in the United Kingdom than in any other country with which I am familiar.

I talked to Dr. Gottfried on the telephone. He said that the examination of my X-rays disclosed nothing to worry about in any particular. He closed with the admonishment that I give up smoking and stop building up fibroid tissues in my lungs.

I visited the message center this afternoon with Findley Burns. These people work with the greatest vim long hours on what always seems to be an endless task. In fact, the general devotion to duty in this Embassy is singularly high. I doubt that it could be matched in any private corporation.

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December 17, 1963 - Tuesday

Evangeline and Nicky left this morning by PanAmerican for Washington. I had my hair shorn at Claridges, then met Cy Frieden, who has just taken over as Foreign Editor of the New York Herald Tribune. He will make London his base, but will travel extensively. He thinks the New York edition of the Herald Tribune is emerging from the doldrums due largely to the revamping of its Sunday issue. They hope to make the literary section of the Sunday paper a superior feature. Because of previous residence here, he has many friends and acquaintances amongst British politicians. He said that one of the Labour leaders informed him last night that the Conservative Party was slowly gaining strength, and the success of Labour should not be taken as a foregone conclusion. There is considerable talk of an election in March.

Sydney Gruson came to see me. He reports Arthur Sulzberger as being again in hospital and quite ill. They are all pleased with the way Arthur's son has taken over as Publisher of the New York Times. The Times has not yet regained its pre-strike circulation.

I lunched at the American Club. This afternoon I spent a good deal of time destroying obsolete papers.

December 18, 1963 - Wednesday

John Dick came in this morning with his wife, to present a portrait carved by himself out of cork of President Kennedy. It is to be hung on the Chancery premises. It is an interesting, somewhat curious, piece of work. The Dicks lived for many years in the United States, and were great admirers of the late President.

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The PM received as a Christmas present a 38-pound domestic turkey. Plucked, it had a beam like a houseboat, and was the most obscene looking fowl I ever saw.

We left 10 Downing Street in time for a 4:15 p.m. take-off, in a Presidential jet, from London airport. The pilot told us about the near accident at Orly yesterday, when Bob McNamara escaped by an eyelash.

We were safely airborne when the Secretary, Chip Bohlen, Bob Manning and I engaged in a poker game that lasted, with a short intermission for dinner, six hours. We played many kinds of dealer's choice; at one time or another almost every card had its turn to be wild. Chip was the only loser; I never witnessed such a long run of bad luck. I won $92.

We ran into violent winds and snows as we lowered down for Andrews Field. The ground temperature was 20° F., but the gale made it bitterly cold, turning one from pink to puce in a minute.

Having lent our house to Sylvia Clark, Kay Halle, most hospitable of women, had taken in the Bruce horde; I found them all in a state of post-prandial merriment.

December 20, 1964 - Friday

Freezing still. After several telephone calls to New York, I went out and tried unsuccessfully to collect a debt from antique dealer Jeff Davis; his client has been in possession of my painting on glass for several months, but has not yet paid him. Next, I called on Arpad, and went with him to his warehouse, where he philosophized about how every antique, even dingy or repulsive, eventually attracts a customer. This Hungarian is a resourceful and sympathetic fellow.

I gave E and the children lunch at the City Tavern Association, before visiting my office. I don't believe the janitor had opened its door for three months; the place

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Tonight, Truman appeared and drove us to the Joe Alsop's for dinner. Kay Graham, Marie and Averell Harriman, Tish and Stewart Alsop, Avis and Chip Bohlen, Jane and Bob Joyce, Polly and Frank Wisner, were there. All reported that the pall of President Kennedy's death still gloms over Washington.

December 21, 1964 - Saturday

E. Nicky and I lunched with dear Ethel Fowler, who is about to spend three months in Jamaica. No wonder, for on these glassy pavements she would be likely again to break a fragile hip.

I went to see Kay Graham this afternoon. Although immersed in her manifold business activities, her robust humor and vitality are unimpaired. She is a remarkable and appealing woman.

Jackie Kennedy is to live temporarily in the Harriman house, when not in Palm Beach. (The Harrimans have moved to the Georgetown Inn.) She has just bought an excellent dwelling on N Street, once owned by Stanley Woodward. The praise of her bearing during and after the assassination is unanimous; it was an impeccable display of quality.

Kay had a dinner tonight for Alice and Dean Acheson, Marian and Arthur Schlesinger, Ellie Israel of State, Alistair Cooke and ourselves. This was fast company, conversationally. Dean was attractive, amusing, but devastating in criticism of almost every leading politician in the Atlantic Community. He is reputed to be a close advisor of President Johnson. He has fully achieved the ultimate of independence, to do and say whatever he likes. Whoever is flailed by him will long remain sore.

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December 22, 1964 - Sunday

The Mellons generously lent us their plane for a 45-minute ride to Lynchburg, where Jamie met us. Blessed Staunton Hill was beautiful in the afternoon sunlight. Fried chicken for dinner.

December 23, 1964 - Monday

Snow and sleet during the night; 20° this morning. One could scarcely slip about. The children are, like us, contented to read, play games, and relax. Poker tonight.

December 24, 1964 - Tuesday

Sunny, and possible to walk with care. Sasha ventured into the low grounds, while the others dawdled on the terrace. The Christmas tree was properly festooned, a gigantic platter of spare ribs disposed of, a 1928 Les Gaudichots pronounced superlative, and it seemed only a few hours before we [redacted] settled down to evening poker.

I have a pleasant bouquet of books for reading: Dickens in this Time, by Ivor Brown (a present from Mr. Stiles of Edouard and Butler); Lord Macartney's Journal of An Embassy to China (gift of Peter Vaughan of John Sparks); Philip II of Spain, by Charles Petrie; The Venetian Affair by Helen MacInnes (a thriller present from Frank Wisner); de Segur's Memoirs, and, almost best of all, Frank Altschul's Christmas present reprint of Wendell Philipp's [redacted] near forgotten lecture on Toussaint l'Ouverture, perhaps the most remarkable of all negro soldiers and statesmen, basely betrayed by Napoleon I.

Off and on, while [redacted] in Washington, I was involved in Noel Macy's enterprise to block, through preemptive buying, the Georgetown University project for

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a tremendous expansion that would engulf the area from 36th to 35th Streets, between Prospect and P. The University authorities have already acquired almost six blocks of houses for their purpose. I doubt their intention can be countered, but talked about Macy's scheme to Frank Wisner, Oscar Cox, Gordon Gray, and others.

The fruition of such a building program would depreciate the desirability of most private holdings, west of Wisconsin Avenue, in that portion of Georgetown.

I [redacted] visited our own house, which under Sylvia's care looked well, and though [illegible]dly of its fate if confined and congested by academic buildings.

December 25, 1963 - Wednesday

A White Christmas, but a sunny one. We were all up at 7:30, for a rendezvous at 8 under the tree. Heaps of gaily wrapped packages yielded up surprises, all of which commanded enthusiastic praise.

Turkey lunch and champagne battered us down to an afternoon of bovine reflection. Walked and saw a lone quail; I thought him too solitary to shoot.

Friends have been solicitous enough to penetrate the telephonic obstructions and wish us a Merry Christmas. A warming cable from Sylvia and Jean Monnet in Paris, the best of friends.

Sasha is strumming a guitar, David non-stopping on the family phonograph, Nicky nostalgically tracing General Lee's last retreat, E buried in correspondence. How pleasant it would be to linger here indefinitely.

I have resolved, in a desperate, final effort to exercise will power, to stop smoking as of midnight. Until then, I am breathing vapor and fire, as I race through my remaining small stock of tobacco. Unfortunately, Nicky gave me a brass cigarette box, in the form of a tortoise, for Christmas, and Davie a lighter. If I don't stop now, I never will, and go on being laryngitic the rest of my life.

Wrote thank you letters, and digested plum pudding, the latter no facile feat.

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December 26, 1963 - Thursday

Macartney's account of his Embassy to the Emperor Ch'ien Lung in 1792 is an absorbing tale. That monarch had reigned sixty years; he considered all Westerners barbarians. He allowed no permanent Embassies in his dominions; the British were permitted to stay only 47 days. The Russians and Dutch had been given, in the past, similar short shrift.

Susan Mary and Joe sent us Victorian Patrons of the Arts. It describes several picturesque collectors, including the to me unknown Lady Charlotte Schreiber, Ralph Bernal, Sir August Franks, John Jones, and eccentric John Bowes.

The snow is melting in 70 degrees of sunshine. Long walks and talks. Poker.

December 27, 1963 - Friday

Another lovely day. Saw two covies of quail, and about fifty mallards flighting up river.

Reading, writing, eating, lolling.

Poker tonight. Haut Brion 1947 for dinner with Brunswick stew.

December 28, 1963 - Saturday

Sasha flew to Washington this afternoon, lured by an invitation to a dance at the British Embassy, given by the Ormsby Gores and the Wisners for their daughters. She is spending the night at Lorraine and John Cooper's house. David chickened out at the prospect of chaperoning her.

Reread The Gothic Revival, magnificent writing by Kenneth Clark in his early twenties, especially suitable for Staunton Hill. I have brought David's fickle taste to bear on Mark Twain's Connecticut Yankee at King Arthur's Court--he finds it quite comical.

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I dipped into Philip Guedalla's Life of Palmerston that I last read in Paris in 1927. He was a rollicking personality, and suffered no nonsense. When a porter in a railway waiting-room ordered him to extinguish his cigar, but apologized on discovering his identity, Palmerston observed: "I took you for an honest man, but I find you are only a damned snob." He died just before his 81st birthday; the previous morning, he had breakfasted on mutton chops and a half-glass of old port.

Colder today--temperature at noon 32° F.

Went to see the Carters. The drone of lumbermen's saws continues inthe Carrier woods. Even on my two hundred plus acres, without any burden of farms, there is always much to be done, involving repairs to the house and other dwellings, as well as my constant preoccupation with thinning the woods of trash trees. Two hundred days of labor by a skilled axeman would accomplish wonders. How Jamie, with his satellite, Alonzo Pollard, keeps things in such good order is miraculous. They have cleared out all the vistas and Lovers' Lane; they are about to remove obstructions in the two old carriage roads, leading into the lowgrounds.

December 27, 1963 - Sunday

Long walk. Sasha returned before lunch. She had enjoyed the party. Poker tonight.

I reread Duff Cooper's autobiography Old Men Forget. It is a good picture of most of the first half of the Twentieth Century in the UK as seen by one who meritoriously enjoyed great privileges and responsibilities.

In the afternoon, I reread another favorite, Lord David Cecil's The Young Melbourne. His introduction, describing 18th Century Whiggery is a masterpiece, as is indeed the entire book.

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Wonderful moon tonight.

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PA or FOI EXEMPTIONS

December 30, 1963 - Monday

20° at 8 a.m. Sunny. Extensive walks. The footing is still precarious.

December 31, 1963 - Tuesday

Temperature at 8 a.m. was 10°. The sky threatens another snow. Had 1928 Chateau Latour for lunch; a disappointment--like many things, it should have been enjoyed younger. I braved the breeze, but the ground was too slippery for comfort. A pair of Southern Telephone Company people came over from Altavista to arrange for extensions, [illegible] intercommunication, of our obsolete system. In another burst of year-end extravagance, I ordered a power saw for Jamie; also I arranged for him to hire a bulldozer to reduce the tangled maze at Golden Hill. After searching through the Sears Roebuck catalogue, without success, I am at a loss to know where to acquire a large farm bell. We are completely unprotected here in case of man-made trouble. I had not thought before of any need to sound an alarm, except in case of fire, but now that delinquents are nourished at Red Hill, only a few miles away, tales of their maraudings and worse cause me concern. I never heard of robbery at Staunton Hill, though there was plenty of petty pilfering, nor of any attempted molestation at the house except once, when an escaped lunatic demanded entrance, and, in my grandfather's time, when a black or brown bear took up temporary position on the front steps.

The children have been for several days rehearsing a performance they have concocted for their mother and me. Their rehearsals upstairs shake the flooring, and sound like activities at a wrestler's training camp. The kids looked, I thought, slightly seedy at breakfast this morning. No wonder, in view of what Elizabeth feeds us. For lunch today (after a hearty nine o'clock do of fried eggs, spiced local sausage, Brookner honey (of which David consumes a pot at a sitting), bacon, toast,

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butter, milk, orange juice, fresh fruit), we had pancakes and syrup, turkey a la ki salad, cheese, gingerbread and cream, apple sauce, spinach, potatoes, 1928 claret, sweet milk, and buttermilk. If my liver were not case hardened, I would have quailed at the thought of dinner, which consisted of Bollinger 1928, Chateau Leoville Lascases 1945 (preceded by martinis for myself), Brunswick stew, corn sticks, greens, salad, cheese, vanilla ice cream and chocolate sauce, preserved fruits, roasted almonds and glutinous cakes.

At nine o'clock, Nicky presided over a broadcast by the children of a mature, witty, original nature, quite remarkable. It concluded with a Spanish guitar feature (Sasha strumming her Christmas present, dressed in an Argentine poncho, relict of her South American tour last summer). E and I were, of course, parentally prejudiced, but had the offspring been on public TV, I believe they would have been considered irresistible.

Since we had to stay awake until midnight, there was more than usual incitement to poker. As the carillons sounded on the radio, the sleet was beating down and the wind mildly howling. We repelled the elements with draughts of champagne.

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January 6, 1964 - Monday

To Dr. Alexander Chase's office early this morning to have my teeth cleaned. Then with Helen Coolidge to Belmont. Upon our return, we lunched at the City Tavern.

Next, I went to the State Department, then to see Dr. Carmichael at the Smithsonian, with whom I considered the disposition of Belmont. He has done a marvellous job in Government.

Home to place a half-dozen phone calls to Baltimore about Belmont.

DEPARTMENT OF STATE
REVIEWED BY W. Johnson 6-9-81
PORTIONS DENIED AS ... B1, E.D.

January 7, 1964 - Tuesday

Went to a rousing meeting at 9:30 this morning at the White House with Mac Bundy, whom I consider, in every respect, the kind of civilized human being I would like to have been.

EXCISE

From there to State, to be swamped in bureaucratic necessities. Lunched with Bob Schaetzel, who advocates an American Citizens Committee, somewhat like Monnet's Action Committee. I have my fingers crossed on this, distrusting citizen groups, the direction of which ultimately seems to devolve on the loudest blowhard.

I went to see Averell at 2 p.m., to be briefed by him on the Malaysian-Indonesian situation. From the recesses of his astounding memory he drew out an exposition, complete with financial figures, of American policy toward Sukarno.

E.D. B-1

Tyler Thompson, Director General of the Foreign Service, was my next victim. We discussed the fates of Lewis Jones, Elim O'Shaughnessy, Tom Beale, Ray Courtney, and Al Irving.

A repetition of the above was staged in Bill Crockett's office; I found him sympathetic to my wishes.

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John McCone finally came through a hole in the clouds today; I understand his plane was one of two that succeeded in making a London landing this morning.

E and I lunched at Tiberio with Pamela Berry. She was a mine of informational gossip on the Macleod-Churchill incident. Macleod is still being heartily cursed by some for engaging in this controversy. This may be a blow to his future political prospects. His defenders blame the affair on Macmillan, who gave his side of the story to Churchill, making, in their eyes, a response by Macleod inevitable and necessary. Pam thinks that Macleod overestimated the probability of his becoming the compromise selection as PM, and that he never had a chance of being chosen.

She thinks the election will probably take place the first week in June.

This afternoon, I saw Preston Grover, here from Moscow. He told me he [redacted] married, 18 months ago, a French girl who was a reporter for Paris Presse in Moscow. They have bought an apartment in Paris, where they hope to reside, after his retirement from AP a couple of years hence.

I accompanied John McCone on a visit to the Prime Minister, and later the Foreign Minister.

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REVIEWED BY DATE
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Tonight we had a dinner in honor of the McCones, with the following guests:

Rt. Hon. and Mrs. Peter Thorneycroft (Minister of Defence)
Rt. Hon. Hugh and Lady Antonia Fraser (Secy of State for Air)
Lady Makins
Sir Bernard and Lady Burrows (Foreign Office)
Sir Dick and Lady White
Sir Clive and Lady Loehnis
Maj. Gen. Sir Kenneth Strong
Sir Roger and Lady Hollis
Mr. and Mrs. Henry Tiarks
Admiral Griffin (CINCNELM)
Mr. and Mrs. Archibald Roosevelt
Mr. Cline

There have been some nasty newspaper articles here, especially from the London Times correspondent in Tokyo, as to the implications of the Attorney General's trip, and there has been much misrepresentation. The Foreign Office reaction was faithfully expressed in this telegram:

January 22, 1964 - Wednesday

John McCone is trying to get off this morning to Paris, and, in spite of fog conditions, will probably succeed. He asked that I write notes about his interviews with the PM and the Foreign Secretary, which I have done in these terms:

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January 23, 1964 Thursday

DEPARTMENT OF STATE A/CDC/MR
REVIEWED BY L. Johnson DATE 6-9-81
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We are increasingly weighed down by arrangements for the Attorney General's arrival. Numbers of people wish to entertain him or have conversations with him. An elaborate system of coordination between elements of the Embassy is required to cope with this situation.

Patrick Gordon Walker, Foreign Minister of the Shadow Cabinet, asked urgently to see me this morning on the subject of Malaysia. I did so, with Oscar Armstrong present.

This memorandum of conversation covers the matter:

John McCone is in Paris. He read my memoranda on his talks with the Prime Minister and Foreign Secretary.

I lunched with Gavin Astor at the office of the London TIMES. The guests were:

Mr. Paul Adorian, Managing Director, Associated-Rediffusion Ltd.
Mr. J. Onslow Fane, President, British Boxing Board of Control
Sir Frank Francis, Director and Principal Librarian, British Museum
Air Marshal Sir Christopher Hartley, Deputy Chief of the Air Staff
Sir Harold Himsworth, Secretary, Medical Research Council
Mr. George H. Lowthian, Chairman Trades Union Congress
The Hon. Angus Ogilvy, A Director of the Drayton Group of Companies
Sir Harold Samuel, Chairman, Land Securities Investment Trust
Mr. Roy Thomson, Chairman, The Thomson Organization

I took Gavin, but particularly William Haley, somewhat to task about the confusion caused by their correspondent's report from Tokyo on January 19,

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Due to headwinds, as well as the necessity of refueling at Evreux in France, the arrival took place at 10:40. During the interval we all had second breakfasts, and I a long talk with Carrington about the British Government concern over the dismal prospects of a settlement in Cyprus. This is a situation where the possibilities of acceptable compromise between the Greeks and the Turks do not presently seem to exist

There has been little abatement at home in the past few days of our resentment over the approaching recognition of the Chinese Communist government by France. Walter Lippmann has endeavored to describe this decision as one helpful to US interests, but has not found much company in his rationalization.

Amongst other odd things that come to the office almost daily is this letter from Mr. Schulz, in which he describes his hatred of Americans. Bill Clark expects to see him, and afterwards I am rather inclined to do so myself, although if I were to interview every individual in Britain who expresses his dislike for Americans, I would indeed be ceaselessly occupied.

In relation to the Attorney General's mission, this interchange between Secretary Rusk and Foreign Minister Butler is pertinent.:

In further respect to the recognition by France of Communist China, the reaction of the British press is well summarized in a despatch we sent to Washington January 18, as follows:

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I lunched at Bucks. The Attorney General did not appear at the office until five o'clock, when we met Lord Head, High Commissioner for Malaysia, Admiral Begg, UK Commander-in-Chief for Far East Naval operations, General Hull, Chief of the Imperial General Staff, and Captain Barrows, who took notes. Mike Forrestal and Oscar Armstrong were present, Armstrong being our notetaker.

The same American group went to see Mr. Butler at the Foreign Office.

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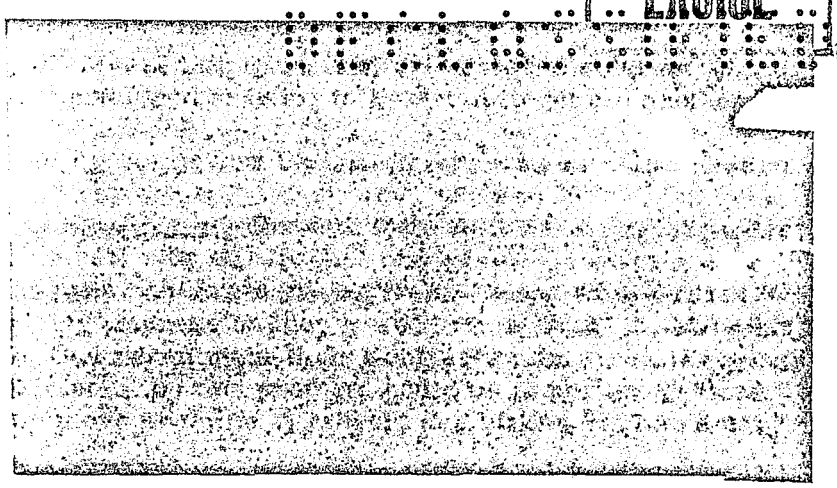

DEPARTMENT OF STATE A/CDC/MR
REVIEWED BY Z. Johnson DATE 6 8 81
PORTIONS DENIED AS INDICATED

Today, in advance of Bobby Kennedy's meetings with British officials, press comment about his Far Eastern trip has been adverse. The old charges have been brought up that the US Government has a habit of subsidizing its enemies and neglecting its friends.

The Macleod controversy is not at an end. Wild charges are now being made that the Queen exceeded her prerogatives in accepting Macmillan's nomination of Lord Home. The Conservatives are assailing each other somewhat in the manner of sharks who, when one is injured, combine to attack him.

An announcement by the French of recognition of Communist China is expected early next week. Meanwhile, frenzied communications are passing between Formosa and ourselves on whether the Generalissimo should withdraw, when this takes place, his Ambassador in Paris. We strongly favor his continuance.

When the AG arrived at the airport, he held a press conference. He was closely questioned; it was evident that some of the British correspondents expected and would have liked to be able to report why, as the AG put it, "he had given away Singapore". The AG handled the interrogation skillfully.

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